

# How To Train Your Dragon

by PunkMutantGargoyleChica

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-02-21 08:14:26

Updated: 2013-03-11 06:42:48

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:35:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 14,450

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Female Hiccup! Hazel isn't very much of a Viking. But she does have quite a destiny. Besides, how can you call the picture to left anything but cute! Rated T for violence and possible swearing.

## 1. This Is Berk

Hazel is my replacement for Hiccup. She looks a lot like him, just has curves, a heart-shaped face, wears a skirt, and her long auburn hair in pulled back into a loose pony tail.

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><p><em>This is Berk. It's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery. My village. In a word, sturdy. It's been here for seven generations , but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets. The only problems are the pests. You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes. We have...<em>

"Dragons!" Hazel panted as she slammed the door. Just behind it was a Nightmare trying to burn it down.

\_Most people would leave. Not us. We're vikings, we have stubbornness issues. My name's Hazel. Not the best name, I know. But I'd rather be named after a tree than my grandfathers. Parents believe that a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming viking demeanor wouldn't do that. I guess my parents must have thought I wouldn't be appealing enough for gnomes and trolls to take away. Lucky me, right? \_

Hazel ran through the village, trying to get to the smith shop. She knew Gobber would need her to help him with fixing any weapons.

"What are you doing here?!"

"Get back inside!"

Hazel heard random Vikings yelling at her as she ran past them. Just as she was about to cross a lane, a Nadder flew in front of her. Just when she would have been burned, a force pulled her back. She saw that it was the village chief. "Hazel! What is she doing...! What are you doing out?! Get inside!" He dropped Hazel and she ran toward the smith shop as fast as her skinny legs could carry her.

\_The giant is Stoick the Vast. chief of the tribe. They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off it's shoulders. Do I believe this?\_

Hazel turned back to watch as Stoick threw a wagon and hit a Nadder in the air.

\_Yes, I do. For two reasons. One: He's built like an ox. And two, well, I'll explain later.\_

The young girl kept running and ignored everything else around she got to the shop, she found the man she always considered an uncle hammering at a blade. "Oh, nice of you to join the party!" Gobber teased. "I thought you'd been carried off."

"Who, me? No, c'mon. I'm way too muscular for their taste." Hazel said as she picked up a heave hammer and set it on the wall behind her. "They wouldn't know what to do with all this."

"Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?" Even though Hazel was self conscious about her scrawny body, she always Gobber was just teasing.

\_The meathead with attitude and interchangeable hands is Gobber. He's always been like family to me. I've been his apprentice since I was little...well, littler. Even though he doesn't really care for other people my age, he has a soft spot for me. I mostly think it's because I look like my mother, and he had great childhood memories with her being his only friend. I guess he feels that he needs to return the favor.\_

The young girl looked out the widow and saw the dragons setting the houses ablaze.

\_See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses.\_

She then saw the other Viking around her age help put the fires out.

\_That's Fishlegs,\_ \_my cousin Snotlout, the twins: Ruffnut and Tuffnut, and the only person my age that didn't tease me, Astrid. Oh, their job is so much cooler.\_

Gobber used his hook to pick Hazel up and move her away from the window. "Oh, c'mon." She groaned. "Let me out, please? I need to make my mark."

"Oh, you've made plenty of marks." Gobber said as he put her down. "All in the wrong places."

"Please. Two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will infinitely get better. A boy may even notice me and not cringe at my very presence." Hazel complained.

"Okay, one day, a boy will see you and like you. But just think about it, Hazel. You can't lift a hammer. You can't swing an ax. You can't even throw one of these." He says as he lifts up a bolas, which gets snatched away by a Viking outside and is used to bring down a Gronkle.

"Okay, fine." Hazel admits. "But this will throw it for me." She pats her own invented bolas launcher. Sadly, it snaps open and launches a bolas right at a Viking outside. "Really?!" She exclaims.

"See? Now this right here is what I'm talking about." Gobber says as he approaches the girl.

"Mild calibration issue..." Hazel trailed.

"No, Hazel! If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all...this." The blacksmith said as he gestured to her whole self.

"But you just pointed to all of me." She complained.

"Yes, that's it." Gobber smiled as he poked her shoulder. "Stop being all of you. Oh, yes."

Hazel nodded as she started to see his meaning. "Oh, you, sir, are playing a dangerous game." She pointed. "Keeping this much raw Vikingness contain? There will be consequences!" She tried to be intimidating.

Gobber merely replied in a bored voice, "I'll take my chances. Sword! Sharpen! Now." The smithie said as he handed Hazel a sword. She did as she was told with a scowl.

\_One day, I'll get out there, because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadder head might get me at least some attention. Gronkles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me way more attention, maybe even a boyfriend. A Zippleback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status. And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those. They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire. But the ultimate prize is the dragon no one's ever seen before. We call it theâ€|\_

"Night Fury!" Some yelled, getting Hazel's attention.

\_This thing never steals food, never shows itself and above all...\*\*never misses\*\*. No one has ever killed a Night Fury, that's why I'm going to be the first.\_

Hazel turned when she heard some noise to see Gobber putting swapping his smith clamp for his axe. "Man the fort, Hazel. They need me out there." He walked out the door but turned. "Stay. Put. Here. You know what I mean." He let out a battle cry and raced into battle.

This was it, now or never! Hazel took this moment and pushed her bolas launcher out of the shop as Vikings continued asking what she

was doing. She just ignored them as she pushed it through all the chaos to a quiet spot in the village. Hazel then quickly set up her launcher and got ready, waiting for anything to fly by.

"C'mon. Gimme something to shoot at. Gimme something to shoot at." That was when she heard the faint roar of the Night Fury. Hazel searched the sky for her target. All she could see was the silhouette against the stars. Not much to go by, but when would she ever get another chance? She took aim and saw the torch light fire. And when she saw the dragon fly by, she pulled the trigger. The shock of the release caused Hazel to be pushed back and the launcher destroyed, but the bolas was launched. Hazel quickly stood as she gasped. She heard another roar and saw the silhouette fall into the forest. "I hit it. Yes. I hit it!" She cheered. "Did anybody see that?" Hazel looked around to find anyone, but instead, she turned back to the cliff to find a Nightmare glaring at her. "Except for you." She muttered.

Stoick was busy tying down a Nadder when he saw Hazel running from a Nightmare. He groaned before heading toward them. "Do not let them escape!" He shouted back.

Hazel was barely dodging the attacks of the Nightmare as she ran. She was able to stand behind a torch post, but she panicked when the dragon following her breathed fire against it. Hazel, out of fear, peaked around to see if it was still there, only to see Stoick attack it when it would have eaten her. The dragon tried to breathe fire on the chief, but it was out of fuel for its flames. "You're all out." Stoick said. He then punched it. The dragon's only choice was to retreat.

\_Do you remember when I said I'd tell you the second reason I believed Stoick killed a dragon as a child? Well, there's only one way to explain it.\_

The post fell down, causing the lit torch to roll through the village. Hazel flinched with every sound the torch made when it hit something. She turned to find a Disappointed look on Stoick's face. "Sorry, Dad." She said sheepishly.

Everyone saw the dragons getting away with more of their livestock. Hazel looked around before saying, "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury." She was then yanked by her father. "It's not like the last few times, Dad! I mean, I really, actually hit it!" She kept protesting as he father dragged her away from the middle of the crowd. "You guys were busy. I had a very clear shot. It went off Raven Point. Let's get a search party-"

"Stop!" Stoick yelled, scaring her. He didn't seem to care. "Just stop. Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed."

"Well, between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding."

"This isn't a joke, Hazel!" Stoick then sighed. "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to just kill it, like

the way you said Mom always did. It's who I am, Dad." Hazel stated.

"You are many thing, Hazel. But a dragon killer is not one of them...and neither is being your mother." He muttered the last part to himself, but his daughter and friend could hear it. Her eyes widened and tears threatened to fall. Was she really that much different from her mother? Was she that much of a disgrace that her own father would say it? Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard her father say, "Get back to the house." Stoick then turned to Gobber. "Make sure she gets there. I have her mess to clean up."

Gobber gently placed a hand on Hazel's shoulder only to watch her jerk away and stomp a few paces ahead of him. He knew Stoick missed Val, he also knew how much Hazel wanted to be like her to make her father proud. But this was hurtful. He knew his friend didn't mean for it to be, but it still hurt.

Hazel kept walking and ignored everything the teenagers said as she let the silent tears fall. The only teenagers that didn't insult her were Fishlegs and Astrid. Fishlegs just stared while Astrid looked on with sympathy. Once they reached the hill to her house, she let all the rage out. "Am I that much of a screw up? I really did hit one."

"Sure, Hazel."

"He never listens."

"It runs in the family."

"And when he does, it's with this disappointed scowl like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich. 'Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here is a female talking fishybone.' It's like I don't matter to him."

"No, you're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like, it's what on the inside that he can't stand." Gobber didn't realize what he really said until he saw the tears come out again. But as much as Stoick denied it, Hazel did have some of him in her. His stubbornness was blantly clear as she wiped the tears away and replaced them with a scowl.

"Thank you for summing that up." She said sarcastically.

"Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something your not."

"I just wanna be like my mom! Is that so bad?!" She cried as she slammed the door in Gobber's face. The blacksmith was tempted to go in and give Hazel a piece of his mind. But he stopped when he heard her sobbing. This was definitely one of those times when Hazel needed Val. As Gobber turned to leave, Hazel dried her tears and went out the back door. She was going to find this dragon and prove her worth in the village, not matter what her father said.

In the Great Hall, the whole village gathered. "Either we finish them or they'll finish us!" Stoick explained. "It's the only way we'll be rid of them. If we find the nest and destroy it, the dragons will leave. They'll find another home." Stoick then picked up a dagger and stabbed a drawing of a dragon on the map in front of him. "One more search before the ice sets in."

"Those ships never come back." One Viking stated.

"We're Vikings." The leader said sternly. "It's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?!" When all he heard were excuses to not go, Stoick sighed. "All right." He then added, "Those who stay will have to look after Hazel." Everyone quickly raised their hands to join the search. "That's more like it."

Gobber took a long sip of his ale from his Mug hand before saying, "I'll pack my undies."

"No," Stoick interjected. "I need you to stay and train some new recruits."

"Oh, perfect." Gobber said. "And, while I'm busy, Hazel can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time for herself. What could possibly go wrong?"

"Oh, what am I going to do with her, Gobber?" The leader asked defeatedly.

"You know how much she wants to be like Val, or at least the Val you describe to her." The blacksmith stated. "When will you tell her the truth?"

"You know I can't do that. The day she said she wanted to be like her mother, I knew that she would be. I had to tell her how her mum was a mighty dragon slayer. I'm not gonna lose my daughter the same way I lost my wife."

"You won't lose her if you put her in training with the others. At least, she'd understand more so than her mother."

"No, I'm serious."

"So am I." Gobber took another sip of his ale. "The only reason Val died was because she refused to take the lessons, believing it to be cruel to the dragons. The only good thing that came out of those lies you told Hazel is that they made her want to be a dragon slayer."

"She'd be killed before the first dragon is out of it's cage. She can't do it." Stoick complained, he then sighed as his face softened. "You weren't there the night I came home and told her Val was with Odin. You weren't the one that held her as she cried herself to sleep, every night for weeks. If I had a son, it would be different. But Val gave me this beautiful little angel instead, and it hurts to look at her every night and see her mother in her eyes." He then turned back to his friend. "She won't live long enough to face a dragon."

"Oh, you don't know that."

"I do know that, actually."

"No, you don't."

"Actually, I do."

"No, you don't."

"Listen, you know what she's like. Ever since she could crawl, she's been...different. She doesn't listen. She has the attention span of a sparrow. I take her fishing and she goes hunting for...for trolls!"

"Trolls exist." Gobber interjected. "They steal your socks. But only the left ones. What's with that?"

"When Val was alive..."

"Oh, here we go." Gobber groaned.

"She knew how to deal with Hazel. Always giving her something to do. What struck me though was the fact that she would build things and not destroy them. Val encouraged this, me...it made me think of what my father told me. Telling me to bang my head against a rock and I did it. I thought it was crazy, but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?"

"You got a maddening headache."

"That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas..."

"But apparently he can't raise a teenage daughter on his own." Gobber interrupted. "You can't stop her, Stoick. You can only prepare her. I know it seems hopeless, but the truth is you won't always be around to protect her. Don't you want her to be like her mom? She does. And she tries so you can be proud of her."

Stoick seemed to wince. "All these years of protecting her, and I only seem to be making her miserable."

"So much so that you had to say she was nothing like Val." Gobber commented. His friend turned to him. "She and I both heard you, Stoick. The last thing she said to me was 'Is it so bad that I want to be like my mom?' She then slammed the front door in my face. I was about to scold her, but I heard her crying on the other side. It hurts me just as much as it hurts you. Not only Val being gone, but watching Hazel grow up without a mother." Gobber sighed before continuing. "At least give credit for doing one thing that Val didn't."

"And what would that be?"

"She's trying to be like you. All you can do is show her how. She going to get out there again, Stoick. She probably out there now." Gobber didn't know how right he was.

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><p>Hazel walked all the way to Raven Point and marked off every spot she checked in her book. It was frustrating that she could find the dragon. Finally, she scribbled the whole page with her charcoal with a scowl. "Oh, the gods hate me!" She screamed. She then huffed as she walked down a hill. "Some people lose their knife or their mug. Not me, no. I manage to lose an entire dragon." Hazel then hit a switch branch out of her way only to cry out on pain when it swung right back and whipped her cheek.<p>

The young Viking groaned as she looked at the tree the branch was attached to. It was split in two. That was when Hazel saw the ground looked as though something had dug into it to make a divit into the earth. Once she decided to follow it, she knew something big would happen, she just didn't know how big. Once at the end, she peeked over and saw the Night Fury tangled in the bolas. Hazel gasped as she hid behind the hill. Taking another peek to make sure she wasn't seeing thing, the girl took out her dagger for protection.

Hazel slid down the hill and hid behind a boulder. When she felt safe, she stepped closer. "Oh, wow. I did it. I did it. Oh, this fixes everything! Yes!" She then put her foot on one of the dragon's leg as she said, "I have brought down this mighty beast!" The dragon then shirked her off, causing Hazel to fall backwards and crawl against the rock. She held out her dagger and went closer to the Night Fury to examine it further. She noticed it taking deep breaths.

With the way it's body moved Hazel would have thought it was beautiful if she wasn't there to kill it. As she looked further up it's body, she came to the eyes. The hypnotic green slitted eyes. They were just staring at her. She heard the dragon rumble in it's chest, almost like moaning. Hazel took a few deep breaths of her own before saying, "I'm gonna kill you, dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father." She held her dagger up, readying the plunge. "I am a Viking. I am a Viking!"

The dragon just looked on and watched Hazel lift the dagger above her head. After taking one last breath, Hazel looked at the Night Fury and saw something unbelievable. Fear. It then slumped over and closed it's eyes, accepting it's horrible fate. Hazel groaned. She relaxed her arms and let them fall to her sides. She looked at the ropes of her bolas tangled over the dragon's body. "I did this." She sighed. She could only think of one thing to do to make this right. She knelt down next to the reptile and started cutting the ropes. The Night Fury's eyes snapped open. He could feel his freedom just inches away. Once the ropes were no longer holding him back, He pounced onto Hazel and held her down with one of it's claws.

Hazel gasped. She was so afraid of what would happen. Would she die like her mother? As she looked into the green eyes of the Night Fury, her heart raced. As the dragon reared back, Hazel expected to be torched. Instead, the Night Fury roared right into her face. After that, it ran off. As it flew up, Hazel stood to collect herself. She grabbed her dagger and watch the dragon fly off. But the way flew wasn't right. This dragon was known to fast and accurate. Now it was struggling to stay in the air. Before Hazel could think anything else, she fainted.

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><p>Hours later, once Hazel woke from her ordeal, she snuck up to the

house. As she opened the door, she saw her father poking at the fire. She saw the face he wore. The serious face, which meant he wanted to talk to her. She didn't feel like listening to her father complain about her actions again, so she tried to sneak past him upstairs. No such luck. Just as she was half way up, she heard her father call to her. "Hazel."<p>

"Dad, um..." Hazel knew she needed to admit she couldn't kill a dragon, she had to admit her father was right. "I have to talk to you."

"Well," Stoick said as he walked toward his daughter. "Before you get into that, I want to say that I'm sorry for what I said earlier. I know you want to be like your mom, and I shouldn't have said you weren't. The truth is...you look exactly like her. And I don't want you to end up like she did. I'm sorry." He then said, "I really to speak to you about something else, too."

"I don't want to fight dragons." "It's time you learn to fight dragons."

Both father and daughter turned to each other and asked, "What?"

"Um, you go first." Stoick said.

"No, you go first." Hazel said.

"All right." The village chief sighed. "You get your wish. Dragon training...you start in the morning."

"Oh, man." Hazel said. "I should've gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, you know, we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Viking. But I realized we don't have enough bread-making Vikings or small-home-repair Vikings."

"You'll need this." Stoick interrupted as he put sn axe in Hazel's hands.

"I don't want to fight dragons, Dad."

Stoick chuckled. "Oh, c'mon. Yes, you do."

"Okay, need to rephrase that. I can't kill dragons."

"But you will kill dragons."

"No, I'm really very absolutely positive that I won't."

"It's time, Hazel."

"Can you not hear me?" Hazel complained.

"This is serious, darlin'. When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you."

"Can't really say that's not a heavy burden." Hazel muttered to herself.

"Which means you walk like us, talk like us...you think like

us."

"Won't be doing much thinking then, will I?" She muttered again.

"No more of...this." Stoick did the same thing as Gobber.

"You just gestured to all of me." Hazel stated.

"Deal?"

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

"Deal?" Stoick pressed.

Sighing in defeat, Hazel looked up to father and said,  
"Deal."

"Good." Stoick stated as he picked up his bag. "Train hard. I'll be back...probably."

"And I'll be here...maybe." Hazel watched as her father left. Before he could close the door, his daughter dropped the axe and ran up to him to give him a hug. "I love you, Dad." She whispered.

Stoick set his bag down to hug his daughter back. "I love you, too, Hazel." And with that, he left her alone at their house. What would tomorrow bring? Only Odin knows.

### 3. Extremely Dangerous Kill On Site

"Welcome to Dragon Training!" Gobber stated as he opened the gate to the training yard.

"No turning back." Astrid said out loud. The teens all walked in excitedly with their weapons. Snotlout had his mace, Fishlegs had his hammer, the twins carried their spears and Astrid held her axe.

"I hope I get some serious burns." Tuffnut said.

"I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or lower back." Ruffnut added.

"Yeah," Astrid agreed. "It's only fun if you get a scar out of it."

"Yeah, no kidding, right?" The teenagers turned to unfortunately find Hazel straggling along behind them carrying the axe her father gave her. "Pain. Love it."

"Oh, great. Who let her in?" Tuffnut asked as he pointed his spear at the chief's daughter.

"Let's get started!" Gobber interrupted. "The recruit who does best will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village."

"Hazel already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify her or..." Snotlout teased.

Hazel glared at her cousin. "I honestly don't know, Snotlout. That sounds more like a question your mom could answer." The twins snickered at Snotlout's expression, even Astrid and Fishlegs couldn't hide their grins. The other teenagers may not have seen Hazel as a friend, but they loved watching her insult her cousin. especially since Snotlout usually would insult all of them.

"Don't worry." Gobber said as he led Hazel to the other Vikings. "You're small and...um...yes, small. That's makes you less of a target. The dragons will see you as sick or insane and go-"

"Yeah, yeah. Don't remind me that I'm weaker than the rest. I can see it clearly, thank you." Hazel pushed past Gobber to stand next to Fishlegs.

Gobber stood in front of the trainees to continue his lesson. "Behind these doors are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight. The Deadly Nadder!"

"Speed eight, armor sixteen." Fishlegs muttered.

"The Hideous Zippleback."

"Plus eleven stealth, times two."

"The Monstrous Nightmare."

"Firepower fifteen."

"The terrible Terror."

"Attack eight, venom twelve."

"Can you stop that?!" Gobber yelled at the blond teenager. "And the Gronckle." He put his hand on the switch that opened the cage.

"Jaw strength eight." Fishlegs whispered to Hazel, who chuckled a bit.

"Whoa, whoa! Wait!" Snotlout shouted. "Aren't you gonna teach us first?"

"I believe in learning on the job." Gobber smirked before opening the cage, letting the Gronckle out. "Today is about survival." The blacksmith said as the teenagers scattered to avoid the dragon. "If you get blasted...you're dead!" The Gronckle then picked up some rocks with it's mouth and chomped them up. "Quick! What's the first thing you're going to need?" Gobber asked when he saw this.

"A doctor?" Hazel blurted out.

"Plus five speed?" Fishlegs asked.

"A shield." Astrid stated. Of course she was right.

"Shields. Go!" Gobber said as he pointed out the shields. You're most important piece of equipment is your shield! If you must make a choice between a sword or a shield, take the shield."

Astrid, Fishlegs and Snotlout grabbed their own shields. But the

twins were fighting over one. Let go of my shield!" Tuffnut yelled.

"There's like a million shields!" Ruffnut complained.

"Take that one. It has a flower on it. Girls like flowers." Tuffnut stated.

Ruffnut was able to pull the shield out of her brother's grip and hit him on the head with it. "Oops. Now this one has blood on it."

While the twins were fighting, Hazel ran between them and snatched the shield they fought for. Only moments later did the Gronckle blasted them, knocking them down. "Tuffnut! Ruffnut! You're out!" Gobber said. "Those shields are good for another thing. Noise! Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim!" The four remaining teenagers banged their weapons against their shields. The Gronckle soon looked as though it were getting dizzy and confused. "All dragons have a limited number of shot. How many does a Gronckle have?"

"Five?" Snotlout guessed.

"No, six!" Fishlegs cried out.

"Correct, six! That's one for each of you." Gobber explained.

The Gronckle saw that Fishlegs had his back turned. Easy target. It blasted a fire ball and hit Fishlegs' shield out of his hand. "Fishlegs, out!" Gobber yelled. Fishlegs threw his arms up and ran out of harm's way.

"Hazel, get in there!" Gobber demanded. Hazel was frozen in fear. The Gronckle tried to take a shot at her, but missed. So far, three shots.

The Gronckle turned to find Astrid and Snotlout. "So anyway, I moved into my parents' basement. You should come by some time to work out. You look like you work out." Snotlout was thick enough to think he could flirt with Astrid at a time like this? Seriously? The Gronckle saw Snotlout distracted and took the shot. Got him!

"Snotlout! You're done!" Gobber cried out.

All that was left was Astrid and Hazel. "So, it's just you and me, huh? Just like old times?" Hazel asked Astrid.

"Nope, just you." Astrid said when she saw the Gronckle take another shot.

She moved out of the way just in time for Hazel to take the hit. It knocked her shield from her grip and was smashed into the wall. "One shot left!" Gobber informed. The dragon could've gone after either Hazel or Astrid. But unlike what Gobber said earlier, the dragon chose to chase..."Hazel!" Gobber yelled. Oh, how much he hated being wrong.

The Gronckle cornered Hazel against the wall until it was merely inches away from her. After taking a few sniffs, the Gronckle opened it's mouth wide to take the final shot. Hazel squeezed her eyes shut. Suddenly, Gobber snagged the dragon with his hook just in time for

the final blast to hit the wall next to the young girl. "And that's six." Gobber panted. "Go back to bed, you overgrown sausage!" And with that, he threw the dragon back into it's cage. "You'll get another chance, don't you worry." He then turned to the exhausted teenagers. "Remember, a dragon will always," He then turned to Hazel who was sitting against the wall next to him and helped her stand up. "Always go for the kill."

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><p>"So why didn't you?" Hazel asked herself as she examined what was left of the bolas. She remembered the way the Night Fury flew off and decided to follow it. She felt insane, trying to find a dragon that she released, as if it would be that easy to find. She eventually came across a glade. It wa beautiful, almost like a sanctuary. It had a pond in it and she could just barely see fish swimming in it. But what she came to find wasn't there. "Well, this was stupid." She muttered.<p>

Hazel almost left until she saw black dragon scales on the ground. Picking one up, she put it her pocket for safe keeping. She knew from the way they looked that were the Night Fury's. It had been there. Before she could pick up another one, the dragon in question flew up in front of her with an ear shattering roar. Once over the initial shock, Hazel saw it trying to climb out of the glade. It was struggling. It fell down and had to spread it's wings to glide back down. The young girl took out her book and started drawing a picture of the dragon. She kept noticing how it couldn't escape he glade. Once she finished the picture, Hazel muttered, "Why don't you just fly away?" She got her answer when the Night Fury blasted the ground and spread it's wings and tail fin. The left tail fin was missing. Hazel corrected her drawing by rubbing off the part of the tail that was missing, leaving only a smudge of coal.

She watched the dragon make one more attempt, not even coming close to the top. The poor dragon landed with a crash next to the pond. A fish fin emerged from the water and got its attention. The Night Fury crept closer to the water's edge and tried to catch a fish, but it couldn't get one, he was too slow.

The young Viking sighed, feeling pity for the dragon. She never meant for this to happen. Suddenly, Hazel's charcoal fell from her hand and landed in the glade. The soft sound caught the Night Fury's attention and made him look up and find the same human that did this to him. Hazel could only stare into the green eyes as they seemed to glare back at her. But this thought vanished when the dragon leaned its head to the side, almost in a curious manner. This made Hazel wonder. Were dragons as evil as Vikings thought they were?

\* \* \*

><p>On the way back, Hazel kept thinking about her relationship with Astrid. It was hard for anyone to believe, but Hazel used to have a friend when she was a small child. Astrid. They would play together and have fun. But one day, Astrid came over to play, only to have Stoick tell her that Hazel didn't want to play with anyone. Later, from her own parents, Astrid found out that Val had been killed by a dragon. It explained why whenever anyone saw Hazel, they would see her crying her eyes out, why she didn't want to be with anyone, why she wanted to be alone. From then on, Astrid avoided Hazel. As they

grew up, the girls just felt awkward around each other. So their friendship crumbled as the years went by.<p>

Before she knew it, Hazel was at the doors of the great hall. She pushed them open and entered as the other trainees were discussing their lesson from earlier. "All right, where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?" Gobber asked.

"I mistimed my somersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble." Astrid admitted.

"Yeah, we noticed." Ruffnut commented. At this time, Hazel was now inside from the pouring rain and walking toward the table to the others. She rolled her eyes at what her cousin said.

"No, no. you were great. That was so... 'Astrid'."

"She's right. You have to be tough on yourselves." Gobber said as he saw Hazel pick up a plate of food and walk over to sit at another table. "Where did Hazel go wrong?"

"Uh, she showed up." Ruffnut said.

"She didn't get eaten." Tuffnut added with a cruel grin.

"She's never where she should be." Astrid sighed gently as she glanced at the Viking in question.

"Thank you, Astrid." Gobber said. "You need to live and breathe this stuff." He then brought out \*\*the\*\* book. \*\* "The dragon manual. everything we know about every dragon we know of." That was when he finally heard the thunder outside. As if seeing Hazel soaking wet from the rain wasn't enough of a clue. "No attacks tonight. Study up."

"Wait, you mean read?" Tuffnut asked.

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut added.

"Why read words when you can just kill stuff the words tell you stuff about?" Snotlout asked.

"I don't know, because the words tell you what you need to kill so you know what to kill instead of accidentally killing the wrong thing, maybe?" Hazel said as she looked at her cousin. She was clearly reminding him of the time he almost killed Val's pet cat when he thought it was a fluffy baby dragon. Yeah, sharpest tool in the stall, Snotlout was. Val was \*\*mad\*\* that day. "But in your case, I think a nice picture book would be better suited." The other Vikings laughed. Even Gobber chuckled.

"Oh, I've read it, like, seven times." Fishlegs said, clearly referring to the dragon manual. "There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's this other one-"

"Yeah. That sounds great." Tuffnut interrupted. "There was a chance I was gonna read that..."

"But now..." Ruffnut trailed.

"You guys read, I'll go kill stuff that look like Hazel." Snotlout said.

All the Vikings got up to leave, except for Astrid and Hazel. Astrid took her last bite of her meal before getting up and leaving the dragon manual on the table. Hazel knew she was trying to get away from her. She was used to it. She picked the book up and put it down by her plate. As she ate, she read.

**\*\*Dragon classifications.\*\***

**\*\*Strike Class\*\***

**\*\*Fear Class\*\***

**\*\*Mystery Class\*\***

**\*\*Thunderdrum.** This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight.\*\*

**\*\*Timberjack.** This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight.\*\*

**\*\*Scauldron.** Sprays scalding water at its victims. Extremely dangerous.\*\*

**\*\*Changewing.** Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight.\*\*

**\*\*Gronckle.\*\***

**\*\*Zippleback.\*\***

**\*\*The Skrill.\*\***

**\*\*Bone Knapper.\*\***

**\*\*Whispering Death.\*\***

**\*\*Burns its victims.\*\***

**\*\*Buries its victims.\*\***

**\*\*Chokes its victims.\*\***

**\*\*Turns its victims inside out.\*\***

**\*\*Extremely dangerous.\*\***

**\*\*Extremely dangerous.\*\***

**\*\*Kill on sight.\*\***

**\*\*Kill on sight.\*\***

**\*\*Kill on sight.\*\***

**\*\*...Night Fury. Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance: hide and pray it does not find you.\*\***

Hazel took out her book and opened it to the page she drew the picture of the Night Fury on. It made her think: Do we know anything about dragons?

#### 4. Huh, Toothless

**\*\*sry it took me a while to upload. while typing, i suddenly had the urge to get a cup of sweet tea. once i had my desired beverage, i walked back into my room to find my brother logging into facebook! I ran over and pushed him away, praying he had the desency to open another window...he didn't. instead, he logged into facebook straight from my story, and i didn't even save it yet! the fact that he was in my room is bad enough, but he had to get on my computer and mess up what i was doing. so now, my faithful readers, i have to start all over again because my idiot brother doesn't understand the phrase "KEEP OUT!" at least he's grounded. that's the one thing im happy about right now.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The teens arrived at the arena the next morning and found Gobber finishing a maze he worked hard on the entire night. Each picked up their weapons and shields, getting ready for whatever their teacher had in store. "Okay, I released the dragon, not get in there!" Gobber yelled.<p>

"Hey, you know," Hazel asked as she looked up at the top f the wall of the srena. "I just happened to notice to book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there, like, another book, or a sequel? Maybe a little Night Fury pamphlet?" suddenly, a blast shot next to had unleashed Nadder.

"Focus, Hazel! You're not even trying" Gobber yelled. The Nadder then charged at Hazel, trying to get its sharp teeth around her. "Today it's all about attack! Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter!"

The Nadder found Fishlegs and unsheathed it's razor spikes on its tail. Whipping her tail, she shot her spikes down at the teen. Thankfully, Fishlegs used his shield to block the spikes that would have hit him. "I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!"

"Look for its blind spot! Every dragon has one." Gobber explained as he picked his teeth. "Find it, hide in it and strike."

The twins rounded a corner and came face to face with the dragon. They stood ever so still and close t each other. The Nadder could smell them, but she couldn't see them. Ruffnut breathed in, only to catch wind of her brother's smell, and it wasn't pleasant. "Don't you ever bathe?" She whispered.

"If you don't like it, then just get your own blind spot." Tuffnut said, rather loudly as he pushed his sister. The Nadder's head seemed

to perk up a little bit.

"How about I give you one!" Ruffnut countered as she pushed her brother back. After this, the Nadder took a deep breath, getting the twins attention. Ruffnut grabbed her brother and pulled him out of the way of the fiery blast.

"Blind spot, yes. Deaf spot, not so much." Gobber commented as he watched.

"Hey," Hazel called, getting her uncle's attention. "So, how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?"

"No one's ever met one and lived to tell the tale." Gobber answered. "Now get in there!"

Hazel backed into the maze as she looked up at him. "I know, I know. I just--"

"Hazel!" Astrid whispered. When the chief's daughter turned to her former friend, she saw her mouth, "Get down."

Hazel did as Astrid and Snotlout and got down behind them. To sneak past the Nadder, the first two rolled across the lane. Hazel just stayed there. She couldn't do what they did. Astrid kept trying to get her to follow while Snotlout made stupid faces at her. Hazel shook her head and saw the Nadder getting closer. Astrid decided to go back, but the Nadder found her. As she was about to throw her axe, Snotlout pushed her aside. "Watch out, babe. I'll take care of this." He then threw his mace...and missed completely. The Nadder seemed to laugh at him. When the blond girl glared at him, Snotlout came up with some stupid excuse. "The sun was in my eyes, Astrid." The Nadder took another shot, but the teens were able to dodge it. As they ran through the maze, Snotlout kept making up more excuses. "What do you want me to do, block out the sun? I could do that but I don't have time!"

Hazel, when she ran, had somehow collided with Astrid. They quickly stood and ran through the maze together. In a sharp turn, the Nadder knocked down the walls of the maze, causing a domino effect and knocking down all the walls. They barely managed to jump away from a falling wall. Sadly, Astrid's axe had gotten wedged into Hazel's shield. With the Nadder closing and Astrid struggling to release her axe, Hazel pulled her arm out of the strap of her shield. Astrid saw this and decided to swing her axe, with the shield, at the dragon. She hit the Nadder square in the jaw, shattering the shield into splinters. The Nadder then walked away like a wounded puppy. "Well done, you two!" Gobber called out.

Astrid turned around and helped Hazel stand. This was the first time in a long time that Astrid ever did anything friendly to Hazel. "Are you okay?"

The red head nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine." She panted. "Thanks for trying to save me back at that lane."

"Thanks for letting me use your shield." Astrid countered. She lifted up her axe to show a small piece of what was once Hazel's shield. It had wedged the tip of her axe. Astrid was able to pull it off and give to its original owner. "I guess I'm sorry, too."

Hazel held up the piece of wood and chuckled. "I needed a new one, anyway." She then tossed it over her shoulder. She then turned to Snotlout. "The sun? Really?! Where, on this Odin forsaken island, is there any spot to see the sun?" Astrid chuckled a bit at this. It was then that Hazel left the arena. She knew she had to help that Night Fury some how.

\* \* \*

><p>Hazel walked into the glade with a new shield and a raw fish. She wanted to feed the poor thing that she rendered flightless. With a courage she never had before, she got closer and threw the fish about two metres away. Nothing happened. Ever so darg, Hazel pushed forward, but her shield gt wedged between two rocks. Sh groaned at the fact that it was now useless, so Hazel went in without it. As she picked up the fish, she looked around at every possible angle she could think of.<p>

After walking in, she heard something behind her. Hazel turned to find the Night Fury crouched on a small lower ledge. It crept down as it watched her. Once in front of her, Hazel held the fish out for the dragon. He crept forward with its pupils becoming more round and its mouth wide open. But when it noticed her dagger, it hissed and pulled back while his pupils became slits again. Hazel took her dagger and dropped it on the ground. Taking her right foot, she kicked it away.

The Night Fury stared at her like she was insane. But his eyes returned to their former round state. He slowly approached Hazel with his mouth open. That was when Hazel noticed something. "Huh. Toothless. I could've sworn you had-" The teeth suddenly unsheathed and the dragon snatched the fish. While gobbling the small morsel, Hazel finished her sentence with a squeak. "...teeth"

The Night Fury looked back at the human and crawled closer. It sniffed her body, making Hazel backed up and tripped over a small rock. She kept crawling backwards until she was cornered against a boulder. "No! No! No! I don't have any more!" The Night Fury then started to gag and dropped half of the fish into Hazel's lap. It then sat up and on its tail. The two just stared at each other for a few seconds. Hazel had no idea what the dragon wanted her to do with it. That is until she saw it glance at the fish then back at her. Really?! It wanted her to eat it. Hazel slowly lifted the fish to her mouth and took a small, reluctant bite. She had to hold whatever food she still had in her stomach down. The taste was horrible! And the fact tat was formerly in the stomach of a dragon certainly didn't help at all. As she looked up, Hazel saw te dragon nod toward her. He wanted her to swallow it. Hazel made a face that any person would have guessed meant "Seriously?!" Doing everything she could do to not vomit, Hazel swallowed the fish in her mouth. She cringed and gagged, but the Night Fury was pleased. Hazel sheepishly grinned up at the dragon. It then did the most unusual thing ever. The Night Fury pulled back its lips in an attempt to grin back. The toothless grin made her curious. Hazel reached forward in an attempt to touch the dragon. But it growled and hurried off to the other side of the glade.

The Night Fury scorched a spot on the ground and laid down. As it got comfortable, it saw bird in a tree above. He watched how the bird

took off flying. Oh, how he envied the bird. To fly again, what a feeling he'd love to feel in his wings. The dragon then noticed that Hazel had managed to sneak up and sit next to it. She smiled and gave a small wave before the Night Fury laid his head down and moved his body. Once lying down completely, he moved his tail next to his head and used his only tail fin to cover his face. Hazel scooted closer, wanting to touch the scaly skin. When her fingers were just inches away, the dragon pulled back his tail fin to see what she was doing. Hazel jumped back in surprise and walked away with an embarrassed stride. The Night Fury grumbled a little bit before walking away as well.

The dragon was hanging by its tail on a tree root for hours, just trying to sleep. When it finally decided to open its eyes. It noticed Hazel sitting on a rock next to the pond. Ever so curious, the dragon dropped from the root and went to investigate. Hazel had found a stick and was drawing in the dirt. She had just drawn the outline of the Night Fury when said dragon came up behind her to look over her shoulder. Hazel softly smiled when she saw its shadow as she continued drawing. She finished with the eyes when the Night Fury decided to walk away. She turned to find it break off a branch from a tree and start to trace lines into the ground. He just seemed to go in uncoordinated lines around her.

Once he finished, he seemed to admire his work. Hazel stood up and was impressed, but she was so distracted by the dragon's art that she failed to see her foot step on one of the lines. But she figured it out when the dragon's pupils narrowed and he hissed at her. She jumped a little and lifted her foot off the line. The Night Fury then purred and its pupils rounded again. Hazel placed her foot on the line again and the dragon hissed again. She giggled a little bit and stepped over the line, hearing more purrs come from the dragon. She kept aimlessly walking around, making sure not to step on any lines until she felt a breath behind her. She quickly turned to find the Night Fury standing there. It stared at her in fascination. Never was a human like this around him. Hazel reached her hand out to try and touch him, but he pulled back and growled slightly. She couldn't believe what she was about to do. Hazel tightly closed her eyes and extended her hand. She didn't try to lean in, she wanted the dragon to make the next move. It would do one of three things. One, it would bite her hand off and eventually kill her. Two, it would run away in fear. Or three, it would let her touch it. The Night Fury seemed hesitant at first, but it closed its eyes, leaned forward and gently touched her hand with his nose. Hazel nearly fainted, but she opened her eyes to find that this was really happening. The Night Fury then pulled back and opened its eyes. It then ran off. Hazel was gasping. She was taught to fight and kill dragons, and here she was befriending one. What would her father say?

## 5. Start At The Bottom And Work Your Way Up

Hazel was walking back to village with a million thoughts running through her mind. What were dragons really like? Do they really kill people? Was the Night Fury her responsibility? These thoughts wouldn't leave her mind. But one strange thought that she came across was naming the dragon. After many attempts like Panther, Killer, Fang, she realized that these were names that would be used for the dragons in the manual. She wanted to give it a name that she could call her own. The only thing she smiled about after a while was

remembering the dragon's toothless smile. Toothless? Toothless! That's what she'd call him. Soon enough, Hazel reached the watch tower with the other Vikings. She had just arrived and sat down as Gobber was telling his stories.

"...and with one twist, he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face...I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg." Everyone gasped at the story, well, except Hazel. She heard the story so many times that she knew it by heart. Well, the main version anyway. It sometimes changed, depending on the mood Gobber was in.

"Isn't it weird to think your hand was inside a dragon?" Fishlegs asked. "Like if your mind was still in control of it, you could've killed the dragon from the inside by crushing its heart or something."

"Ugh!" Snotlout grumbled. "I swear, I'm so angry right now! I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight...with my face."

"Let's see," Hazel interrupted. "That's over confidence, dramatic, sucking up, bragging...even lying? Wow, Snotlout, that the longest list of things you've shown us at the same time. New record."

Tuffnut, who had been sitting beside Hazel, had burst out laughing. Why wasn't he fiends with her...oh, wait, now he remembered. Hazel wasn't like them. But he did like how she knew how to get under Snotlout's skin. Ruffnut couldn't hide her amusement. She covered her mouth with both hands to unsuccessfully hide her snorts of laughter. Fishlegs laughed at the look on Snotlout's face. Astrid smirked in amusement.

Even Gobber chuckled. He knew that Hazel wasn't much like Stoick when it came to being a Viking, but she was every bit as stubborn as him, and witty like her mother. He eventually cleared his throat. "Thank you, Snotlout, but it's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon."

That made Hazel think. Wings and tails? With that thought, she silently stood and walked down the steps to get to her house. And she wasn't unnoticed. Astrid noticed the empty seat and went to see if Hazel was all right. She noticed how quickly the girl who she once seen as a friend go straight to her house. She just hoped that she was okay.

In her room, Hazel opened her book to the page that she drew Toothless. Taking her charcoal, she drew in the missing tail fin. "That's it!" She whispered excitedly. And just like that, she rushed to the smith shop. She warmed the fires and pounded the hot metals on the anvil. She took apart shields and used the nails. Once the structure was finished, she attached the leather that would make it stay in the air. It was hard labor...but it would be worth it. The end result was the perfect tail fin to help her friend fly in the air.

\* \* \*

><p>In the morning, Hazel got a sack of fish that would help distract the dragon. She knew he wouldn't just let her put the fin on his tail. He only just let her touch his face. And it was only a brief moment. But she was determined. So she hurried as fast as she could with the fish sack hanging from her left shoulder while carrying the new tail fin under her right arm.<p>

Once at the glade, she spotted Toothless resting on a rock. "Hey, Toothless?" She called. The dragon turned to find the human had returned...with a sack? "I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry." When she set it down, she kicked it over, revealing a lot of different fish just for him. Toothless looked so excited. Hazel, not so much. "Okay, that's disgusting." She commented as fish fell in front of her. "Uh, we've got some salmon, some nice Icelandic cod...and a whole smoked eel."

The moment Toothless spotted the eel, he flinched and recoiled. Oh, those were the worst! He hissed at the offending fish as Hazel picked it up. "No, no! No, it's okay." She reassured as she threw the eel off to the side and away from his meal. "Yeah, I don't really like eel much, either." She said with a sheepish smile. "It always made me sick."

Toothless started sniffing around the pile until he was satisfied. He quickly started to eat his breakfast while Hazel went to his tail. "Okay. That's it." She kept muttering. "That's it. Just stick with the good stuff." She's almost to his tail... "And don't you mind me. I'll just be back here...minding my own business." She laid the fake fin next to his tail to get it ready, but the dragon moved his tail away. Hazel checked to see if he was looking, but he wasn't. She tried again only to huff when he moved his tail again. As she tried to grab it, his tail nearly knocked her on the nose. With an irritated growl, she grabbed his tail and sat on it. She looked behind her to see if Toothless wasn't looking. Luckily for her, he had stuck his head in the sack to get the rest of his fish.

Hazel was able to wrap the leather belt around his tail and strap it down. What she didn't know was that Toothless realised she was sitting on his tail. He moved a little bit to feel what she was doing. When he heard strange sounds, his mouth slightly gaped and his wings dropped. "That doesn't look too bad." Hazel muttered. "It should work." Unbeknownst to her, Toothless was slowly spreading his wings. He then launched his body upwards and flapped his wings to gain speed. Hazel screamed as she clung to his tail. "Toothless!" She screamed. As they kept going, she saw that the fin wasn't spread. As they began to fall, Hazel grabbed the edge of the fin and opened it. At the last second, just before they would have hit the ground, Toothless was able to elevate his body and soar upwards. "Odin! It's working!" Hazel cheered. She then steered the fin to her left, causing the dragon to turn in that direction. They soon dove back into the glade. Hazel was still cheering for this small victory. "Yes! Thank you, Thor! I did it!"

Upon hearing this, Toothless glanced at the human on his tail and made a sharp right turn, flinging her off and skipping across the pond like a flat stone. The dragon soon realized that this was a mistake. The moment Hazel fell off, Toothless started to fall. He landed in the pond with the human. He faced his human friend to find her cheering. "Yeah! Hahaha!"

\* \* \*

><p>"Today is about teamwork." Gobber said as he was opening one of the cages. Green fog emerged from the cage, making it very difficult to see. "Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire." Now Hazel understood why he made them each take a bucket of water. "The hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it." The teens then split into three teams. Snotlout and Tuffnut, Astrid and Ruffnut, Hazel and Fishlegs. They all stood back to back. "Your job is to know which is which."<p>

"Razor sharp serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion." Fishlegs muttered. "Prefers ambush attack, crushing its victims-"

"Fishlegs, shut it!" Hazel gritted through her teeth.

Astrid and Ruffnut were looking in every direction, but could see nothing.

"If that dragon shows either of his faces, I'm gonna...There!" Snotlout exclaimed when he saw a shadow.

"Hey! It's us, idiots!" Ruffnut growled.

"Your butts are getting bigger." Tuffnut teased. "We thought you were a dragon."

Hazel kept begging her cousin in her mind to not say something stupid. But this was Snotlout...stupidity was a sure-fire guarantee. "Not that there's anything wrong with a dragonsque figure."

Astrid ran up and punched Snotlout in the face while Ruffnut threw her water bucket at her twin, knocking him onto the ground. Everyone froze when Tuffnut was dragged into the fog by some unseen force. The teens could hear his screams of terror. Ruffnut was about to run out to get him, but Astrid stopped her. "Wait."

Not two seconds later did the dragon's tail sweep their legs out from under them. Soon, Tuffnut emerged from the fog in terror as he ran to the far side of the arena. "Oh, I'm hurt! I am very much hurt!"

"Chances of survival are dwindling into single digits right now." Fishlegs told Hazel nervously.

"I don't really like those odds." She replied.

One of the Zippleback heads slithered out of the fog and sniffed Fishlegs. He threw his water on it, only to watch in horror as it opened its mouth to release the green gas. "Wrong head." Fishlegs chuckled nervously.

The dragon then breathed the gas all over the blond teen. He ran away screaming with his arms thrown over his head. "Fishlegs!" Gobber yelled in concern. The gas breather turned to its attention to Hazel as its twin revealed itself to her. As the lighter tried to start a spark, she could hear Gobber yelling, "Now, Hazel!"

She threw her water at the lighter...it was no where close to hitting the dragon. "Seriously?!" She exclaimed in her sarcastic tone. The dragon roared in her face and tried to light the gas again.

"Hazel!" Gobber cried out. Just as he was about to come to her rescue, he, along with the other teens, even the village elder Gothi stopped and stared at the unfolding scene.

The dragon started to back away from Hazel in fear while she stood up. She kept making shooing motions with her hands as she walked toward the two headed reptile. "Back! Get back!" She pushed them further toward their cage. "Now, don't make me tell you again!" She yelled. "Get back in your cage!" With a smirk, she turned to where no one would see and pulled out the eel Toothless hated. "Now think about what you've done." She threw it in the cage and watched the dragon press close to the wall to get away from it. She closed the door and turned around to see everyone stare at her. Fishlegs was so stunned that he dropped his water bucket. "Okay, so are we done? 'Cause there's that thing at that place I gotta...uh...yeah. Bye!" And with that, she took off.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>MONTAGE TIME! :D<strong>

Hazel was in the shop and just finished a saddle she made. She knew she could ride on Toothless on his tail. Now the really trick was to find out how to put it on him.

\* \* \*

><p>She held up the saddle up to show Toothless. He playfully crouched down and ran off. Hazel laughed as she chased him down.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>The young girl had the brilliant idea of using a rope to hold the tail fin. When she pulled a little too hard to steer, both she and the dragon crashed into the pond.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Hazel was able to attach a hitch to the saddle and made a belt for herself to wear and hook herself to it.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>She and Toothless had another try at flying and had a little more success. The only difference now was Hazel tied the rope to her foot. It was a little easier because she could now hold on to Toothless, but it was hard to steer him by using her foot and a rope. They gained some air and were higher than they were yesterday. But because the tail fin would not open, they crashed onto some soft long grass. Hazel gained her footing. But she turned around to find Toothless rolling in the grass. He was purring and enjoying this. Hazel picked some of the grass and got an idea.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>The next day in training, Gobber used the Gronckle again. It took out all the other teens until only Hazel was left. It charged straight toward her with cruel intentions. She held out the grass she got from near the glade and the Gronckle fell down in front of her. It seemed to be under the same spell the grass cast on Toothless. The Gronckle loved the smell so much it laid over sideways and kicked its leg. Unbeknownst to Hazel, Gothi saw the whole thing.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless was purring as Hazel was scratching him. She got a real surprise when she scratched a spot under his jaw. He passed out in pure delight. He was asleep with a smile on his face. Hazel slowly grinned when she realized how useful this discovery would be.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid threw her axe at the Nadder, but it was ready for her this time! The dragon deflected the weapon and charged toward her. Astrid rolled out of the way to leave Hazel by herself. She only left to go get her axe so she could help Hazel. The Auburn haired girl dropped her mace, which surprised the Nadder. Was this a trick? It sniffed her curiously. Hazel heard Astrid's battle cry and knew that she had to act fast. She began scratching the dragon's neck and it started purring. And when she scratched that spot under its jaw, the Nadder passed out with a slight smile. Astrid froze just before she would have striked the beast and saw Hazel giving her a sheepish shrug.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Hazel brought her tools to do some adjustments for the saddle. While she had moved the hammer, she saw the light reflecting off of it and the mischievous glimmer in Toothless' eyes. She shined the light all around the glade and laughed as she watched Toothless chase it. Another idea.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>"Meet the Terrible Terror." Gobber said. Instead of a fearsome beast...a small lizard, only about a metre long, came out.<p>

Everyone laughed at the dragon. Tuffnut pointed, "It's like the size of my-" He never got the chance to finish since the Terror jumped on him and got a good bite of his nose. "OH! Get it off!" But something caught its eye...a light. A small light on the ground. It looked fun to play with. The Terror let go of Tuffnut. "Oh, I'm hurt! I am very much hurt!" The Terror followed the light that was reflecting off of Hazel's shield. She led the small dragon back to its cage.

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid was practicing in the forest with her axe, hitting the same mark on the tree every time. As she turned around, she saw Hazel. The Auburn girl saw Astrid looking at her and quickened her pace. She was able to hide behind a rock so she couldn't be seen. When she heard Astrid groan and walk away, she sighed.<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Hazel was adding a pedal to the saddle so she could steer Toothless more easily. She knew using her foot to steer him was a better idea since she needed to hold on to him with both hands. Once the pedal was set up, Hazel led her dragon to a cliff with a stump at the top. She could feel the strong wind flow over her face. She tied Toothless to the stump and quickly straddled the saddle. "You ready, buddy?" She asked. He grunted a response and spread his wings, letting the wind lift them off the ground. Hazel set her foot in the pedal and started to move it in different positions. As she continued to practice, she noticed that different positions meant different directions. She pulled a piece of scrap parchment and her charcoal and drew the different pedal positions. She discovered how there were six, and each had its own purpose. She drew the position the tail fin would go.<p>

She patted Toothless' shoulder to let him know she wanted him in the air again. This time, the rope snapped and sent them back into the trees. Hazel screamed while Toothless roared. Once they landed on the ground, the dragon sat up...dragging Hazel with him. "Huh?" She saw the hook to hold her to the saddle had bent and locked the belt. "Oh, great." She groaned.

\* \* \*

><p>That night, Hazel was able to sneak Toothless into the village without being seen. Odin must have decided to give her a break. She quickly rushed him to Gobber's shop and tried to find the pincers. While she searched, Toothless pulled her away when he found a bucket. "Toothless! Stop it!" She whispered.<p>

"Hazel? Are you in there?" Astrid asked.

Hazel's eyes widened. She turned to her dragon and whispered, "Don't move or make any noise!" She lept through the window and smiled awkwardly. "Hi, Astrid. Hey. What brings you by?"

"Normally, I don't care what people do, but I'm concerned about you. Are you hiding something? Astrid asked. At this moment, Toothless had seen a sheep and tried to creep over to get it. This in turn, made noise and pulled Hazel, causing her to jerk back slightly. Astrid heard the noise, but she thought Hazel had flinched at the sound. "Or someone?"

The daughter of the chief nervously chuckled before she was pulled through the window. Astrid tried to catch her, but she was gone. She opened the window to try and see her friend, but she was gone.

Hazel and Toothless quickly took off back toward the glade. Once they arrived, She took off the belt. It was then she realized, "Why didn't I do this in the first place?!" She shouted. She felt as thick headed as her father. Turning back to Toothless, she patted his head and said, "I'll be back tomorrow. We'll try flying then." She then took off back home, not knowing how tomorrow would turn out.

## 6. Returns With Surprises

Gobber hobbled to the dock when he heard the Vikings had returned. Once he was at the end, he found Stoick glowering to himself. "We, I

trust you found the nest, at least?"

"Not even close." Stoick grumbled as he walked past his friend. "I hope you had a little more success than me."

Gobber shrugged and said, "Well, if by success, you mean that your parenting troubles are over with, then yes."

Just as he was about to ask what his friend meant, some of the Vikings that remained on the island up to Stoick in excitement.

"Congratulations, Stoick! Everyone is so releaved!"

"Out with the old and in with the new, right?"

"No one'll miss that old nuisance!"

"The village is throwing a party to celebrate!"

Stoick turned to his friend and thought the worst. "She's gone?"

"Um, yes. Most afternoons, but who could blame her? I mean, the life of a celebrity's very rough. She can hardly walk through the village without being swarmed by her new fans." Gobber explained with a smile.

"Hazel?" Stoick asked.

Gobber nodded as he continued. "Who would've thought it, eh? She has this way with the beasts."

Stoick thought for moment. Maybe she was more like him then he gave Hazel credit for. He then wondered what she was doing at that very moment.

\* \* \*

><p>Hazel and Toothless were in the air. The wind was amazing and the sky was clear. A very rare kind of day for Berk. She looked at her cheat sheet to figure out which position te pedal should be in. "Okay there, bud. We need to take this nice and slow." She said. "Nothing too extreme just yet." She then looked at the sheet and tried to find the right position "Let's see. Let's see. Is it position five? No, it's three. Wait! Four!" She then pushed the pedal and made the fin open completely.<p>

Toothless seemed to smirk as they made the wide turn. Once they steadied, Hazel turned around to check the fin. It was still in one piece. With an exasperated sigh, she said, "Alright. It's now or never." They then dove down. Hazel had never felt such a rush in her life. "Hahahaha! Wahooo!" As the glided over the ocean, they went under a fischer. Hazel couldn't believe how beautiful this was. When she saw the fin was still in tact she sighed in relief. Yes! It worked. She then tried to steer Toothless, but they wound up hitting a small cliff. "Sorry, boy!" They then hit another one. "That was my fault!"

In his own way of saying "Watch what your doing up there!", Toothless

swatted Hazel with his right ear.

Hazel groaned and said, "Yeah. Yeah. I'm on it, okay?" She then checked her cheat sheet again. Taking position three, she pulled the Night Fury up, causing them to fly up. "Yeah! Go, baby!" (A/N: my favorite part in the whole movie right there, don't ask why, for some weird reason, it just is) Toothless let his tongue hang out the side of his mouth as he flapped his wings. It felt great to fly again! "YES!" Hazel yelled. "Oh, this is amazing, Toothless! The wind in my-" That was when she saw her cheat sheet come out of the clip that held it to the saddle. "CHEAT SHEET! STOP!"

Out of reflex, Toothless did as he was told. He stopped flapping. But the momentum from his flapping caused Hazel to fly over him and the hoop used to hold her to the saddle unhooked. When Toothless saw her over his head, he roared. He knew that he needed her in order to fly, but how could he fly if she wasn't there on his back?

The two were now free falling. "Oh, gods! Oh, Thor!" Hazel screamed when she saw that she was falling faster than her dragon. Toothless saw this and tried to catch up with her. "Okay, you've gotta, kinda angle yourself!" Hazel yelled out. She then saw Toothless spinning out of control. "No, no, no, no! Don't do that!" She tried to reach out for him, but Toothless' tail swung out and smacked her across the cheek. "HEY!" She screamed. Enabling herself to reach out after putting her cheat sheet in her mouth, Hazel was able to grab the saddle and hook her belt to it. As they straightened up and fell past the clouds, She saw how quickly they were falling.

Hazel's eyes widened as she noticed how close they were to the ground. She pulled back on the saddle and got Toothless to open his wings like a parachute. They managed to not hit the trees and roughly glide over them. Toothless roared in terror as Hazel tried to check the cheat sheet. They were going so fast that she couldn't read it. When looked ahead, she saw more fishers ahead and they approaching fast. She needed to make a choice: keep checking the cheat sheet and risk their lives or let it go and trust Toothless. She chose Toothless. Letting go of the sheet, she gripped the saddle with both hands and shifted the pedals to steer them. She trusted Toothless to get them out, she needed to help with the maneuvering. They swished through the rocks and avoided crashing. There were moments when she thought they would be killed. She had never been happier to be wrong.

Once they cleared the fishers, Hazel let out a sigh. She then stood up with her hands in the air and screamed, "YEAH!" Toothless, in his own glee, shot a fire bolt ahead of them, forming a ring of fire...and they were flying right to it. "Oh, come on!" Hazel complained.

\* \* \*

><p>Hazel was sitting against Toothless while recalling how she wound up with charred marks on her skin and clothes. She didn't get burned, thank the gods! She just wound up with ash smeared on her. Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard Toothless gag. Looking over, she saw him drop a fish head in front of her. He turned to look at her, only to hear his friend say, "Umm, no thanks, bud. I'm good." She then showed him the fish she was roasting on a stick over a fire. They suddenly turned when they heard soft screeching. Four Terrors

were flying toward them. Hazel was a little nervous as she heard Toothless growl and pull his fish closer to himself. Yes, she faced a Terror before, but that was a Terror that had been in captivity for years, used to train young Vikings how to defend themselves against it. These were wild Terrors.<p>

They landed and crawled toward them, but instead attacking, like Hazel assumed they would, they went straight for the fish head that Toothless had regurgitated. Two started fighting over it, which seemed silly to her. It was big enough to share. But the second one wanted nothing to do with the first one when it blew fire on it.

Toothless noticed one of his fish moving. Soon, a Terror revealed itself as it dragged the fish away. It would have gotten away if it was a little quicker. But Toothless caught the fish and jerked back hard enough for only the tail to break off, giving him the whole fish to swallow. The Night Fury seemed to find it funny as it sounded to Hazel like he was laughing. This didn't sit too well with the Terror. The pint-sized dragon spat the tail out and started to claw the ground and growled, showing that it was about to attack. It stood up and took in a breath. As it released the gas to make the fire, Toothless shot a very small fire bolt into the Terror's mouth, causing it to back fire, literally. The gas lit up on the inside of the dragon, causing the poor thing to swell up like a balloon and deflate to the ground. Thankfully, it didn't kill it, but the little guy was unbalanced and disoriented.

Hazel giggled a little bit. "Not so fire-proof on the inside, are you, sweetie?" She then took the fish she was cooking off the stick and tossed it to the Terror. "Here you go." The moment the small dragon saw the fish, it became excited and gobbled it up in quick timing. After swallowing the meal, the dragon slowly approached Hazel and sniffed the air around her. Once it felt safe, it crawled next to her and nuzzled under her arm, instantly falling asleep with a soft purr. It as there that Hazel realized it. "Everything we know about you guys is...wrong."

\* \* \*

><p>Back in her room, Hazel was flicking her charcoal against the desk next to her bed as she recalled the days events. She sat up when she heard something next to her, only to jump when she found her father. "Dad!" She quickly stood up and hugged him. She missed him. It was strange though. She had been so distracted with training and flying with Toothless that she forgotten he ws gone, but seeing him so suddenly made her remember the nights she spent alone in the house. She was glad she had put her drawings of Toothless away. If she had been a boy, she would have left them laying around on her desk.<p>

Stoick wrapped his arms around his daughter, happy tha she was still there. He had to admit to himself, he thought everyone had lied. He had thought they were lying about Hazel being so outstanding in her training to cover up her death or disappearance. But seeing her in her room cleared those doubts from his mind. he worried so much for her safety while he was gone. There wasn't a moment where he imagined his daughter meeting the same fate as his late wife.

"I can't believe your back." She softly sobbed. She then pulled away

an wiped off her tears. "Sorry. I know, Vikings don't cry." She then sat back down at her desk. "Gobber's not here right now, so-"

"I know." He then sat in front of her. "I came looking for you. You've been keeping secrets from me." His voice was at a tone low enough to make Hazel's stomach drop. She suddenly became nervous.

"Um, I have? What secrets would that be?" She nervously stammered.

"Just how long did you think you could hide something like this from me?"

"If you mean the way I can out-wit Snotlout, Dad, that's nothing new. But other than that, I don't know what ou..." She trailed, not knowing what add.

"Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about it." His voice rose just slightly. He had heard about it? From who? Did Astrid follow her when she wasn't looking? Did she tell Stoick that his daughter was riding on a dragon, possibly the most dangerous dragon in the manual? "So," He voice interrupted her thoughts. "Let's talk about that dragon."

Oh, Odin! He knows! "Oh, Dad. I'm sorry. I didn't know his would happen. It just took off from the...start nd..." She trailed when she heard her father started to laugh. She just sat there, thinking he had finally lost his mind. "You're not mad?"

"Mad?" Stoick questioned with a smile. "Why would I be mad? My daughter truly is a dragon slayer!" He boasted with pride. "And believe me, it only gets better. Just wait until you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time, and mount your first Gronkle head on a spear." Stoick didn't notice Hazel involuntarily gag at this. "You really had me going, Hazel! All those years of thinking you were unable to be a warrior. Odin! It was rough! I had almost given up on you. But this whole time you were more like me than I had realized. Oh, Thor almighty! Your mother always said that you were destined for great things one of these days." That was when Stoick's demeanor changed to a little more shameful. "Darlin', there's something I need to tell you."

Now Stoick was keeping secrets from her? Why did Odin twist Hazel's life so much? "What is it?"

"It's about your mother." He sighed. "I lied to you, Hazel. Your mother, she hated dragon slaying." Hazel's eyes widened. "She never trained for it because she thought that it was cruel. We all laughed at her for it when we were young. But Gobber stayed as her friend and even told all the good things about her. That was how I knew I would marry her. Not because she could slay dragons, but because she had a good heart. And you have her heart, Darlin'...same as her eyes and smile." The left corner of Hazel's lips twitched upward just slightly. "Just like that." Stoick pointed out. "That's the smile that softened my heart." He then let out a steady breath. "Your mother was the best thing that ever happened to me. Because without her, I wouldn't have you."

"I always thought you wanted a son?" Hazel stated.

"At first, I did. But the moment the midwife put you in my arms, I just couldn't believe that you were my daughter. So small, soft and beautiful. I actually did something I never did before...I cried. You were the one thing that made me cry. And I was so proud to become a father that day. Right there with marrying your mother, seeing and holding you for the first time was the best moment of my life." He sat there and stared at his daughter, just waiting for judgement for lying to her for so many years. But it never came.

Hazel rested her hand on her father's and said, "I miss her, too, Dad."

Stoick smiled softly before perking up. "Oh, I got to something to keep you safe in the ring." He pulled out a helmet from under his cape and handed it to Hazel. Her first Helmet! This was a huge milestone in every Viking's life. "It was part of your mother's breast plate." He explained. It didn't really bother her. It was part of her mother's person. Part of her armor.

"Thanks, Dad." She smiled.

Stoick then tapped at his own helmet. "Matching set." Hazel giggled slightly at that. "Keeps her close." He then stood up and awkwardly walked out the door. "Well, I'll um, let you sleep and whatnot."

"Yeah, yeah. Thanks for the helmet dad." With that, Hazel sat on her bed and held her helmet. She finally got her helmet, and couldn't have been at a worse time than now. Did the gods have a weak sense of humor or something?

End  
file.